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Thomas Pennant Barton.

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Received. May. 1873.

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9/e

Bought by J Britton
at the Sale of
Mr Waldrons books -

The Original Copy

in Mr Garrick's writing—

with the Parts copied for the Performers—

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CITY OF BOSTON

1755

Thomas Bernard Barton

153.266

May. 1873.

VANDOLPH
(Garrick)-1
MORGAN
(The Jubilee)-2

The Jubilee. By Garrick.

Goody Benson discovered asleep in a chair
a bottle near her

Goody Jarvis calls without. PS

G.J. Goody Benson, Goody Benson!

G.B. Who calls?

G.J. It's only I, Goody Jarvis.

G.B. I'll come to ye directly – but first let
me hide the bottle. (aside)

(hides the bottle & lets G.J. in)

G.J. What beest up, Woman?

G.B. Up! Why who can sleep with such
dreadful apprehensions –
O, but here comes our Ralph.

Enter Ralph. PS

G.J. What, Ralph! well and what news?

Ralph. News! ecod, news enough and that
be all – in my thinking the French
be coming down upon us!

G.B. Why dost think so, Ralph!

Ralph. Because of their gunpowder preparations - it must be the French, or another gunpowder plot!
ecod now I think on't it must be a popish plot, for there they have gotten the image of Shakspur our poet in the church there and the shew folks have painted it all in fine colours to make it look like a popish saint - and the steward of the Jubilee has brought down six a dozen of taylors, barbers, and shift o'hand men, enough to breed a famine!

G. B. Thou dost not say so, Ralph?

Ralph. Ay, there they ha' gotten

squibs, crackers, & fireworks all
about the round about house
by the river; and I suppose
mean to drive us poor folks into
it, like cattle into a pound —
and there to burn us all in a blaze —
× / Juno fire /
Lord be merey on us. / Here
they all come!
/ again
Oh Lord! — Don't you be
frightened! Goody Benson!
Women & Ralph
Exeunt all confus'd
&c
P S

4 — Scene a Street

a Post chaise in the Street.

The Serenade

Let Beauty Be

Irish. Hello! what the Devil noise is that you are making there?

Musician. Stay! Who is that calls?

Irish. (putting his head out of the window of the chaise) will you be so kind, honey, to open the door of my apartment, that I may be after seeing the meaning of all this uproar.

Mus. With pleasure, Sir.

Irish. Arrah, honey, what is all this fiddling & singing and — but first let me shut the

door upon my bedfellow, for I
fear he'll take cold —
You see, Honeyes! I am read,
Drest, for I was obliged to
make a night cap of my wig —
and to take up my lodgings
in the first floor of this post chaise
which they made me pay 1/2 a crown
a night for, & cramm'd a bedfellow
into it & it into the bargain.
But pray what is all this
same Jubilee about —
Mrs. O, sir, I'll tell you. [Sing]
This is, Sir, a Jubilee &c

Irish. Fine, Sir, you did not steal this
from Whats'and of Kilkenny —

6

for there we have
Land without Bog –
Air without Fog –
[illegible] without Smoke
Wit without Art
[illegible]
Pudding without eggs
Rabbits without legs

Mus. Eh, what! Rabbits without legs?

Irish. Yes, welsh ones, honey!

Mus. Sir, your most obedient –
It's the first time I ever heard of welsh rabbits being born in Ireland. Oh, here comes some more of our Fraternity.

Enter Ballad singers. O. P.

Ye Warwickshire Lads &c

The thief of all thieves was a Warwickshire Thief.

[Exeunt Musicians & Ballad Singer

Irish. Devil burn me but I believe
you're all thieves, every one of you!
Jubilee thief! 'tis my belief—
The thief of all thieves was
a jubilee thief!

Exit O P.

Enter a Serjt & PS^rs in Slippers

Serjt. Otter! Boot catcher!
O what you there, and won't
come — why then, I'll fetch you
Drags in the Boot catcher [O P

Well, Iriah! where are my boots?

Bl. Lack a day, Sir! I can't tell—
they all lie in a heap yonder

8 and first come first serv'd!

Gent. Lords, mine are a new play and I would not lose them for all your Shakespeares and your Jubilees &c. Exit O.P.

B. Cat. Ah, Measter! you need not be so hasty! for all the new boots ha' been gone this half hour! Exit O.P.

Enter Musicians with the Goblet Song. Behold this fair Goblet &c

Drum beats.

Exeunt. Severally

Jory. All this for a Poet &c

Sukey. Oh, cousin Nancy, how can you be so vulgar — Had you but seen Romeo & Juliet or Othello & Desdemona

6 or any of his fine Tragical
Comedies acted, as I have by
the gentlemen and ladies at
the Theatre at Birmingham.
You would tell another story -
If he saw you he knew you
Could look thro' & thro' you
Thro' flesh & thro' skin & thro bone!
Had you vanity, pride,
Fifty follies beside
He knew as tho' they were his own!
Oh, that he were but now alive!
Mrs. - If that's the case, cousin
ecod, I am glad he is dead.
Duett. Let us sing it &c

Exeunt O P.
Enter Prol^a. see Page 9 with a

The Pageant

Enter Suky & Nancy

Suky – Well Sister! here was a sight!

Nancy – a sight indeed! but what was it all about? a poor poet? no, no! I can never believe that – Song All this for a poet Le Poly Let us sing it.

Enter Irish. P.S. as thy Exit. O.P.

Irish. Hollo, my little Sweetings! where are you running? here's a bit of Pleasure for you! and Ireland for ever!

10 Enter Country-Boy -

Hello! you little boy! with your
strait colour'd head of hair!

Boy - What dye say, Master?

Irish. How long will it be before
this same Shakespean Pageant
is ready?

Boy - Oh, Lord, Sir, the Pagans
be all gone by this half hour!
and now they be all crowding
into the round about house -
and I must go see 'em -
Lord Sir, the Pagans be all
gone by! ha, ha, ha!

Exit

Irish. A very pretty journey I have made on't — and a pretty account I shall carry home to Kilkenny — with their Jubilee, & their Shakespear Fringes [meaning Franchises] — Rain heard

Oh! to be sure it don't rain! Well, I'll now return as wise as I came, except in one thing which I never knew before — that is that Rabbits without legs are not Irish but welsh ones!

Exit.

Nancy — In the Jubilee

Enter with Sukey.

——— I doat upon Shakespur

Law Cousin Sue, how you talk to a body, I swear I know no more about the Jubilee and Shakespur as you call him, than I do about the Pope of Rome.

——— & the New Bill.

Why, who is this Shakespur, that they make such a Rout about 'en — he was not a Lord?

——— in her Sweet Willy O.

I know nothing of what you talk about not I — but I can't think all this Crowding, Trumpetting, Drumming, eating, drinking Ringing, Cannon firing, and ale this Mummery would be for a poor Poet, that liv'd, I don't know how many hundred years ago — I cannot believe what they tell me.

——— as plain as your Nose.

"Tho' Sins I have none
I am glad he is gone
No Maid would Live near such a Man

Duet

Let us Sing it & Dance it,
Rejoice it & prance it,
That no Man has now such an Art
What would come of us all;
Both the Great ones, & Small
Should he now Live to peep in each Hea
Tho' Sins I have none
I am glad he is gone
No Maid could Live near such a Man.

Exit Sing. & Dancers

Last Scene Inter with others.

Roundelay

7

Nor be Windsor Wives forgot
With their harmless merry plot
The Whit'ning Meady & Haunted Tree
To celebrate our Jubilee
Stay on to the End

Ralph — In the Jubilee.

(Peeping in P.S.

——— the Pope is at bottom on't all
In troth & so I do Neighbour.

——— up, I see, as well as us.
Is this a time to lye a bed, when the Town
may be flown away with for ought we
know — I should not like to wake, & find
my self a hundred Miles off, and so I don't
sleep at all, nor will I, 'till the Devil has
done's worst.

——— I tremble every Joint of me
And not without Reason Neighbour,
I'll be hang'd up alive (and may be for
ought I know) but there is some plot
a foot with this Jubillo.

——— Bless us!
Why there are a Hundred Taylors in
Town, and all from London — 'tis certain
a Plot of the Jews & Papishes.

——— terrible indeed!

Why Dame, the Taylors & Barbers alone would breed a Famine! Then they have brought Cannon Guns down with 'em, and a Mortal deal of Gunpowder — what's Gunpowder for? — to blow us all up in a fillip — Another powder plot Heav'n preserve us! — Little Dolly Dobson will take her bible Oath that She saw Fifty Devils at work in Farrier Thornton's Barn & Cow House! She has been partly out of her Mind ever since.

——— all Sorts of Conjuration!

O yes, they keep all their Hobgoblins there — and if they're let loose about the Town, not all our Parson's preaching will drive 'em out again.

——— in the Meadow for?

Why to drive all us poor Fellows in to be sure, like Cattle into a Pound — Then lock us in, while they may be fixing

the Town, and running away & Ravish-
ay, that's what they will Ravish Man
Woman & Child! — how can one Sleep
with Such thoughts in one's head?
——— for t'other Guinea.
More Shame for you! do you think they
would make Such a Rout about our
Shakespur the Poet, if they had not
other things in their Pates? — I knew
Something was brewing, when they would
not let his Image alone in the Church
but had the New People to paint it in
Such fine Colours to look like a Popish
Saint — ay, ay, that was the beginning
of it all.
——— (have you seen the Ralph:
by conjuration.
Yes, — I ha' seen him — (not much to be
seen tho') — I did not care to come near
him — he's not so big as I, but a great
deal Plumper — he's old enough to
be wiser too — but he knows what he's
about I warrant on — he has brought the

Papers, & Egod, he'll make us pay for 'em.
let him alone for that — he's a long head
of his own. (Common fires.

Lud! have Mercy upon us.

(Cannon agen)

Now they are at it — We shall all be
blown up. — Lud! have Mercy upon us!
I'll go & take a peep at a distance &
bring you word. If I see any Mischief

(Cannon Agen)

O Lud! have Mercy upon us! — hay, nay
don't you be frightend — What the Devil
should you be frightened for. (Cannon agen)

O Lud have Mercy upon us!

Exit P.S.

Painted on
Board, & fixed
on a little Beer-
Barrel: &
Presented to Mr Watson
1780

Kind Customers think not a mite
the Worse of these Lines are this
take Care your Pipes are out before
you do anyway the Little Beer
Or else the fault is Strange
Just repair to Men of Sense.

Old Woman. In the Jubilee

Begin. discord.

'tis near five o'clock.

Bless me! who's there? — I'm frightened out of my Wits — who call'd?

— let me speak with you

Ay, & thank you too Margery

{puts the bottle under the chair & goes to the door

— what are you up?

Up Woman! why I hann'd taen a bed not I — nor cann'd Rest since this Racket began — I durst not lay me down, but was taking a little Nap in my chair when you knock'd at the door — I verily think Neighbour this Jubillo will be death o' me.

— guess what they'd be at. I dare not trust 'em neither — I have not pull'd off my Cloaths this Week — but doze in my Chair, I wish they have not more in their heads than we are ware of —

——— & so do I Neighbour.)
Mercy on us! who's there?
——— has done his worst.
Prithee don't talk so Ralph — you set
my back a Aching, & tremble every
Joint o' me.
——— with this Jubilla.
Bless us!
——— Jews & Papishes.
Terrible indeed!
——— will drive them out again
Prithee Ralph, dost know why they
build such a large great Round
House in the Meadow for?
——— the begining of it all.
Have you seen Ralph, the Man that
is the Ring leader of the Jubilla! who
is to fly about the Town by Conjuration?
——— a long Yead of his own.
Lud have Mercy on us (Cannon fire
& Frighten. Exit when
Ralph does. OP

Country girl in the Jubilee. Discovered with another

What a pretty song, Sue, is the Warwickshire lad!
O I could be singing it for ever!
——— racket in our town?
Why don't you know what a Jubelo is!
——— what is it?
Why I'll tell you: a jubelo is—it is—it is a jubelo. You have seen the pageant, & that's some of it; the rest is to be, bye-and-bye, at the great round house yonder that they call the Orationda.
——— all this fuss about?
Sure you have seen his tomb in the church
——— mayor of Stratford?
Yes, for he was a great poet.
——— and Robinhood?
No, you fool, he made plays; but how should you know any thing about plays, who have been only a dairy maid all your lifetime, milking of cows, churning of butter, & pressing of cheese?
——— king of Prussia; and—
Ah, you poor simpleton. They were all wooden actors; but when I lived servant with the rich buttonmaker at Birmingham, and Mr Alderman Shuttle

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the weaver at Coventry I saw plays with men & women actors, all alive; and there I saw this Shakspur's plays, and they were the finest that ever were seen, I am sure I have cried at them, ay, & laughed at them twenty times.—and so as the players folks have got a good deal of money by his plays, they have y ratitude enough to make this Jubelee in honor of him.

Song.

The pride of all nature was sweet Willy O;
The first of all swains
That gladden'd the plains;
None ever was like to the sweet Willy O.

He sung it so rarely, the sweet Willy O,
He melted each maid;
So skilful he play'd,
No shepherd e'er pip'd like the sweet Willy O.

He would be a soldier, the sweet Willy O,
When arm'd in the field
With sword and with shield,
The laurel was won by the sweet Willy O.

All nature obey'd him, the sweet Willy O,
Where ever he came;
What e'er had a name,
Whatever he sung, follow'd sweet Willy O.

He charm'd all when living, the sweet Willy O.
And when Willy died
'Twas nature that sigh'd,
To part with her all in her sweet Willy O.

——— music you ever heard.
With all my heart. And you're talking of it puts me in mind of what the fine little gentleman there from London, that's the head of 'em all, said. This same Shakspur, says he, could look into one's breast, and tell what they were thinking of, with the greatest ease: and I'm sure it's well he's not alive now, else what naughty tales might he tell of some folks'.

Duett.

Let us sing it & dance it,
Rejoice it & prance it,
That no man has now such an art.
What would come of us all,
Both the great ones & small,
Did he live now to keep in each heart?
Tho' sins I have none,
I'm glad he is gone
No maid could live near such a man.

Finale.

Sisters of the tuneful strain!
Attend your parent's jocund train;
If fancy calls you, follow me,
To celebrate the Jubilee.

The End.

Scribble

in the

Jubilee

Act the First at a Window at this way Ladies.

Waiter! will you, or will you not bring the Refreshment I ordered an hour ago.

Coming Sir.

You're always coming, and never stir a step — the Lady and I are almost perish'd — Waiter — let me have half a dozen more Jellies.

Exit from Window.

See this particularly, & Smith's Letter, No 16.